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Évangélique de France

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THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION
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THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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VOLUME XXXXV

MARCH, 1927

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THE FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING
of the
AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION
will be held in the
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING
Corner Front and Church Streets, Plainfield
Wednesday and Thursday
May 11th and 12th
Chairman of Hospitality
MRS. DUNCAN W. TAYLOR
455 West Seventh Street
Plainfield, New Jersey
Convention Theme
"A WIDE DOOR STANDS OPEN"

HERE AND THERE

After being laid up for repairs for a number of weeks, *La Bonne Nouvelle* is again at work on the Marne. The interruption of her meetings lasted longer than was expected, as it was discovered that not only the superstructure but the metal shell of the boat was in need of renewal.

At the February meeting of the Orange Auxiliary, announcement was made that the memorial to Miss Cody, for so many years the devoted treasurer of the society, had reached the amount of \$900. When completed the sum will be sent to the national treasurer, in Philadelphia, for investment, the yearly interest to be used on behalf of the Auxiliary's work at Desvres.

The custom of memorial gifts is growing in favor. Montclair hopes to add to the fund established in memory of Mrs. Speers and Mrs. Dunlap. Philadelphia is planning substantial memorials to Mrs. Wayland and Mrs. Chamberlain. Several auxiliaries report memorial gifts for members who have died during the year. Troy announces a legacy of \$1000 from the late Mrs. William Sleicher, Jr.

It is delightful to realize that through the provisions of

their own wills, or through the gifts of their friends, the names of so many who were associated with McAll will continue to appear in the reports of the Association.

Pastor Merle d'Aubigné writes that he has recently been able to add to the list of young people's organizations at *La Bienvenue* a Young Men's Christian Union, meeting Saturday evening; a Boy Scout Troup; a Young Workingmen's Pleasant Saturday Afternoon; a Young Workingmen's Sunday Bible Class and a Young Working-Women's Pleasant Saturday Evening. "All this," writes M. Merle d'Aubigné, "would have been impossible without the co-operation of the neighboring Port Royal Church."

"On All Saints' Day," writes M. Huguet, of St. Etienne, "we followed the custom of former years, namely, of inviting families in mourning to come to special meetings. This was done both by letter and by notices in the press. The letters numbered 1024. As the day drew near, we distributed along the road to the cemetery additional invitations. At the cemetery itself, 3000 tracts, leaflets and papers were given out. One of our agents said that in order to see that each person got a tract we should need a total of about 30,000! Naturally, we had no difficulty in exhausting our supply. Bibles and many New Testaments were sold to persons entirely unacquainted with the Gospel.

"We held two meetings, one on Sunday, October 31st, at which there were present thirty persons entire strangers to us, and the second on All Saints' Day itself, at which, in the audience of 120 persons, at least a quarter of these were unknown to us."

Of New Year's Eve, he adds, "Our Watch Night Service was beautiful. A friend who was deeply attached to Dr. Burroughs made us a present of a large, framed picture of this faithful servant of Christ to be hung in the hall. This gave a particularly impressive character to our evening."

"When Self-Denial Week came," writes Mlle de Garis, "I decided to talk to my children at Ménilmontant on the lives of children in pagan countries. Each one at once asked for a small purse and they collected altogether 7 fr: 50, a truly

large amount when one considers the homes from which these children come. Every copper also represented a veritable sacrifice, because the sous which they brought were those they had earned by doing errands for their neighbors, the money they usually spend on their very modest little treats. One child said to me, 'I have brought you very few sous, but I simply did not have any, so by eating a little less bread mamma gave me these for my purse.' One purse contained only fifty centimes and the good attendance cards of the young giver which she prizes above everything else in the world."

Reports from Miss Jessie Patterson, of the monthly meetings of the Paris Auxiliary, indicate a definite and established interest on the part of this new organization. It has been decided to hold these meetings in the homes of the members of the committee and Mrs. Joseph W. Cochran and Baronne Hottinguer have been the last two hostesses. Reports of things of most recent interest are always presented by M. Guex and members of the committee bring word to the group of visits they have paid to any particular station. At the December meeting, Mrs. J. Kingsley Rooker, a member of the committee, spoke of her visit to the *Bonne Nouvelle*, at Lagny, where her home is, and of the rather amusing fact that "some of the people round about would not even go to see it because it had a little belfry and therefore more or less the atmosphere of a church. The belfry was removed and ever since the people have been going to the reunions. In fact, the good influence of the Mission boat now and in the past has been such that a little church at Lagny owes its existence to the advent of this Gospel messenger."

Readers of the RECORD and, in particular, auxiliary officers looking for program material will find the following list suggestive:

The Mirror to France, Ford Maddox Ford.

France and the French, Sysley Huddleston.

What France Thinks of Her War Allies, André Tardieu. (*Harper's* June, 1926.)

The Frivolous French, Francis Hackett. (*The Atlantic*, June, 1926.)

French Finance and the Franc, F. François Marsal. (*Foreign Affairs*, January, 1927.)

THE "MAISON VERTE" AGAIN UNDER THE MISSION'S DIRECTION

It is with great joy that we announce that the property at 129 Rue Marcadet, the *Maison Verte*, has come into the possession of the Paris Committee. The story of this old corner goes back to the early days of the Mission, the days of leases, when Dr. McAll was too busy trying experiments in promising neighborhoods and his treasury too poor to think of acquiring permanent titles.

The *Maison Verte* has, however, long since passed the experimental stage. From the beginning it has been one of the most going evangelical concerns in Paris. Up to just before the war, the direction and support were divided between the McAll Committee and the Church of St. Esprit, the latter providing a good score of volunteer teachers and helpers. For the last thirteen or fourteen years, at the request of its consistory, the St. Esprit Church has been in complete charge of the work which it has maintained at the former high level of efficiency. The latter part of November the owner of the property suddenly decided to put it on the market and as the St. Esprit congregation felt themselves unable to purchase it, the McAll Board has become the owner. It was by rare good fortune that the Building Fund balance in Philadelphia was large enough to make this consummation possible. From \$10,000 to \$15,000 will still have to be found to complete the purchase fund and make necessary alterations and repairs to bring the building up to date. The Philadelphia Board, however, has such confidence in the auxiliaries of the Association, who have never yet failed when a special effort was asked of them, that it acceded to the urgent request cabled by the Paris Committee. It is a splendid omen for the future of this old Montmartre work that the members of the St. Esprit Church promise to continue their co-operation and financial aid in this center to which they have been so long attached.

The accompanying half-tone is shown by way of reminiscence and promise, for the Bible Schools of today are still in just as flourishing a condition as the picture of nearly twenty years ago indicates was the state then.

The price paid for this historic old spot, a lot 125 feet square, on which stands a two-story building with a playground in the rear, was 1,200,000 francs, or at the present exchange something over \$45,000. When all the improvements planned by the Committee have been completed, the *Maison Verte* will be one of the plants American friends will be most eager to visit on their trips to Paris.

In order that the Committee may carry out its plans at the earliest possible date, it goes without saying that any friends who would like to have a part in the remodeling, especially those who are capable of signing cheques in three and four figures, will receive the gratitude of the Philadelphia and Paris Boards and contribute in just so far to the spread of the Gospel among the needy population of the Montmartre Quarter.



"LA MAISON VERTE" SUNDAY SCHOOL IN 1910

THE 1926 McALL CHRISTMAS

I

AROUND THE TREE OF A THOUSAND LIGHTS

DIRECTOR H. GUEX

Though Christmas is above all a children's fête, it is also a fête of evangelization. There is no occasion in the year more favorable for presenting the Gospel appeal whether to adults, the aged or the children themselves. Happy are those evangelists who, after the example of their celestial forerunners, the angels of Bethlehem, can on this day proclaim the message, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy!" Would that these words might be heard by the actual shepherds of our people. Alas, their sound is too often obscured by voices in no sense Christian, by the noises of profane, or even pagan fêtes.

At least in our halls it is a true message of Christmas which resounds, easily distinguishable in the addresses made and the stories told around the traditional lighted tree.

In order that this may be the better understood and brought within the reach of all ages, in most of our halls the children, the young people, the mothers' groups and the men's circles are invited to gather about the same tree on successive nights, when the tree is relighted for each. The Bethlehem shepherds surely were not all infants!

To judge of the effect which a Christmas tree produces upon men and women of white hair, let one come to one of the fêtes given by the Mission to the "Mothers," or again to the unfortunate wrecks of society, the aged and infirm from the hospital of Bicêtre. For an hour all life's miseries are forgotten, as the thoughts of all those present are directed to Him Who became poor that the poorest might become rich. In faces wrinkled by labor and by suffering, eyes which have often wept shine as they never otherwise would, for behind those eyes there is awakened, just as in the children themselves, the joy of the true Christmas spirit. Nothing could be sweeter to see.

Neither the children nor the aged of our halls are spoiled or blasé. The little gifts which the generosity of our friends permits us to offer are hailed with a genuine welcome. Our

evangelists are more than repaid for the 5000 parcels, large and small, which they have prepared as they see the joy that these packages give. But the joy of receiving is not the whole story. Many are those who have gone beyond that and who have learned that the happiness of giving is the great lesson of Christmas. In our *Fraternités* at Nantes and at Rouen our boy scouts organized fêtes for the poorest and most unfortunate children they knew, those even whom they had just met in the streets, and they paid the entire cost. The scouts of Amiens cut their own tree and brought it from the woods and set it up in the sick children's ward at the hospital where they also sang their songs. The children of Ménilmontant carried a large branch of their tree into a sick room and repeated for those there their Christmas program. The girls of the *Salle Centrale* went to the poorhouse to sing. These young messengers of Christmas are our very best evangelists.

At one of the gates of Paris, in a large van, were gathered some of the most unruly, most wretched and most ragged children of the *Zone Militaire*. Near a gate at the opposite extremity of the city, their brothers-in-misery were brought together by the Salvation Army for a Christmas fête in one of the Mission's halls. Is there any place where the wreckage of humanity tells its story so poignantly as in its degenerate childhood? Certainly there is none where God's mercy and pity in sending His Son into the world are more deeply realized.

II

CHRISTMAS IN THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE HALL

MADAME DRANCOURT

It is the 25th of December and the clock on the wall of the old hall points to 4.45, the hour announced for the opening of the doors. The children were warned not to come too early lest they be obliged to wait outside in the cold as they would not be let in until the moment for lighting the tree. At the hour set they entered quietly one after the other and took their assigned places, the smallest on the front seats, the older ones

behind them and at the back of the hall the parents. For some the brightly lighted tree was not a novelty, but there were many who had never seen such a thing before. All eyes were bulging with interest and admiration.

Here are four little sisters accompanied by their mother, Lucienne, the oldest, leading the family in as a shepherd leads his flock. Her face is sad and she is pale, giving the impression that her responsibility is rather too much for her age. The younger sisters timidly press close to their mother. The baby with weak eyes holds her hands between her face and the glare of the candles. Lucienne, with the air of a suppliant, begs me not to force her mother to sit at the back and I give her a special seat whereupon the little girl showers me with kisses. The four never come to our Bible Schools together, but appear some of them on Sundays and some on Thursdays, although with great regularity. They are most attentive and polite and as soon as they began to feel our affection the older, eleven, confided to me that their mother was an invalid suffering from daily attacks of epilepsy which was the reason why they could not all be away from home together. There must always be someone there to run for a neighbor. The father also is an invalid and cannot work. One evening these four girls, attracted by a lantern talk, brought their mother with them. When the lights were turned off we suddenly heard an outcry and immediately switched on the lights again only to see the young mother stiffened out in her chair, her children leaning over her and the frightened baby turning away. We hurried to her side and grasped her hands. Lucienne spoke up and said, "Don't be afraid, it will pass soon, just go on rubbing her hands," and sure enough presently a smile mingled with tears spread over the poor sufferer's face and in a little while she was herself again, holding the baby in her arms, and the program was resumed. It was, accordingly, a little troubling to see her come to our Christmas party, but Lucienne whispered into my ear, "Mamma has already had today's attack, but I thought I ought to ask you to let me sit beside her."

And now all the children are in their seats, their eyes shining and the smallest of all hypnotized by the sight.

André and Jean, the two inseparables, take each other by the hand and sit close together, exchanging their thoughts about it all. They have been coming to the school since they were able to walk and are the most intimate friends. We have taken special care that they should receive exactly the same toy and apron or else their happiness would be spoiled. Pierrette sits up straight, her blond head decorated with a large red bow. She also is one of our "old-timers" and each year carries off the first prize in recitation and sewing. This year she is to get a postal card album. If there were a prize for singing, she would surely also win that, as she has a strong voice and knows how to open her mouth! She puts all her energy and her whole heart into the songs and her voice can be heard above all the others when on Sunday evenings she leads the singing. I watch with special pleasure Robert. He is nine years old and carries his round head high, a "big marble," as we say in slang, crowned with beautiful blond curls. The way he listens to Bible lessons is always an inspiration to his teacher. He is a good little boy, very serious, always ready to help, to whom we are the more attached because some older brothers set him bad examples. How we long that he may always remain pure and true.

All the children were exceptionally well behaved at this Christmas celebration and sang the songs and recited the poems and verses which had been taught them. It was a pity that many of their comrades had been kept at home because of colds and influenza. At last the moment came for the distribution of clothes, toys and sweets and our little friends, so boisterous ordinarily, received their gifts, if not in absolute silence, at least quietly and with happy smiles. Their "thank-yous" certainly came from their hearts.

On December 28th the tree was relighted for our "Mothers" group. Their faces like those of the children and despite their wrinkles and white hair bore the smiles of youth—the poor, old souls who come to our Tuesday meetings so full of courage notwithstanding the wretchedness of their daily lives. There were so many of them this year that we were afraid the garments we had received for them would give out, but in the end we managed to give to each one something which

would be most useful for her. They are true heroines, these old women, some of them absolutely alone in the world and with scarcely enough of the necessities of life to save them from dying of hunger. One of them even attempted to joke: "Did you celebrate Christmas Eve in the proper fashion, Madame Drancourt?" "Indeed, no, I was in my bed before ten o'clock. Did you?" "I certainly did, with a cold chicken and a *croque au sel*," said she with a twinkle in her eye. "Oh, but you should have had mayonnaise, that is so much better." "Yes, but oil is so dear and so are eggs." Then she bent over and whispered to me: "At *Sainte-Marie* (her church) they gave me a pot of stew, but I had no coal and could not cook it. It was terribly cold in my room; I am lucky to have a kind neighbor who lets me come into her room to get warm." So, with a humorous chuckle she pictured for me her imaginary Christmas Eve. I felt positively ashamed as I thought of the Christmas dinner that I had eaten at home with my family about me. That is, indeed, the feeling I have as I go about on my visits among these aged women. What can we do to make their life less hard? Alas, that would take a great deal more money than we ever see. Today, however, we are happy to witness their joy as for a few hours they are enabled to forget the drabness of their daily lives. They all joined heartily in the Christmas carols and it was touching to hear their feeble voices sing "*Mon beau sapin*." With a farewell smile and another "thank-you" they climbed back into their attics carrying each her little parcel.

On the 30th we lighted the tree for the last time for the young men and young women who attend our Tuesday evening meetings. These are for the most part former Sunday School scholars who cannot get away from their factories or shops for the Thursday School. The bonds which bind them to the place, however, are enduring and strong and it is always with evident joy that they come back into the little room on the second floor. At some of their gatherings, when a larger number than usual are present, they come down-stairs into the old hall and are children again. On this Christmas Thursday they were in serious mood, experiencing once more the season's joy and singing again the Christmas songs. Each one

of the girls received a little sewing kit which she could carry in her bag as she went to her work and use in any of the small emergencies of the day. Particularly among the clerks and stenographers it is essential that one be most meticulous in her dress and if a button even falls off it must be sewed on again at once. There were also distributed artistic and interesting almanacs and one of the brightest young men who was a stranger to such fêtes appeared deeply moved and received the brochures which were given him with the promise to read them with care. The younger boys were given heavy boots and tea was served at a beautifully decorated table. After a prayer and the benediction everybody went home happy, but with regret at the separation.

So Christmas 1926 is over and our celebrations, we trust, will leave impressions of peace and joy in the hearts of all. It is with gratitude toward God and to our co-workers who have helped us through these sweet days that we bid them adieu, with the prayer that the memories of the Christmas festival will abide among all these humble folk whom it is our privilege to serve. All together also we say "merci" to the friends in America whose generosity has enabled us to put happiness into the hearts of these, God's little ones.



III

OTHER CHRISTMAS ECHOES

Mlle Maigne, of Alfortville, writes :

"The children, poor as most of them are, are delighted with the modest gifts we give them and the warm garments are, indeed, useful. Particularly touching is their desire to take some little toy home to the brother or sister who could not come, as the big boy who kept close to us all the time until we asked, 'What is it you want?' 'Oh, some little thing for my sister, please!' We gave him what he wanted and now he comes regularly and with the feeling that he is being understood.

"Never at any fête have I had so many old pupils present. There was a young father with his wife and baby; a young

mother with her two babies; several mothers with infants in arms; one of our soldier boys; a young girl with her fiancé; many of the young people who now go to work, and on every side there were bright eyes full of love, all of which made me very happy.

"The night of the celebration for the grown-ups we read the story of a grandmother whose heart had been opened to the love of the Saviour. She had forgiven her daughter who married against her wishes and, when she learned that the young couple were in distress, had taken them and their baby into her home. At the very moment we were reading this story a boy of eighteen, who had left his mother some months before, came back to her, miserable and in rags. The mother told me some days later: 'He waited for me on the stairs. When I returned from the fête I found him there and took him in. That was my Christmas!' She has taken him back, as the grandmother of the story, with love."

From the report of Mlle Gardiol, of *La Villette*, we quote the following:

"One of our boys, a 'Wolfing,' nine years old, is terribly unruly and particularly noisy. When we say to him, 'René, be quiet!' he answers in the most innocent voice, 'But, Mademoiselle, I was not making any noise,' when I generally make a sign to indicate that the incident is closed, as otherwise explanations would go on forever. He comes very regularly to the Thursday and Sunday Schools and always knows his Bible verses. He understands the Bible lessons very well and is the first to answer M. Lockert's questions. His face is as round as the moon and his mouth always smiling, so that even when he is discontented one thinks that he is smiling and when he laughs his eyes disappear entirely—in short, he is very appealing and we all love him dearly.

"This is what he told me the day after Christmas: 'Mademoiselle, *Père Noël* did not leave anything for me at home, but that does not matter for I have had my Christmas here at the *salle*. I got up during the night and looked at the chimney and when I saw that nothing had been left there, I

took papa's shoe and put my little game into it and in mamma's slipper I stuffed the orange you gave me, for, as I said to myself, papa and mamma shall know also that it is Christmas. In the morning when papa got up he looked all over for his shoe! And was he glad when he found it? He did not even mind that it made him late to work and, Oh Mademoiselle, he kissed me!! Now he plays with me every night!

"Mme C..... is the only breadwinner for her two children and infirm mother, so that the clothes we gave the children, a woolen sweater for the boy of seven and a warm dress for the girl of nine, were more than welcome. Little Charlot said to me: 'Mamma thinks that you bought the grey sweater especially to go with the new suit my grandfather gave me and she is so happy for she could never have bought it for me.' The father is tubercular and has been for the last eight months in the hospital at Bicêtre. The poor mother feels she ought to go to see him every Sunday to take him a little cheer, but the car-fare makes a big hole in her weekly earnings. She said to Charlot, 'Now you are all right, but I am cold for I cannot afford to buy myself a muffler.' Through the *vestiaire* I was able to get a warm shawl for this fine woman who is so full of courage and so devoted to her family.

"We gave underwear to five of the mothers and one of them told me how particularly glad she was to get it, for 'out of the three chemises I have, I would not be able to make one that would look presentable. It is with my underwear as it is with me, it wears out and I cannot buy anything new.'

"And the candy from America! Everybody had some. The old people, the older boys and girls and especially the children."

Mlle Flandrois, of Amiens, writes:

"Each of our groups had its special Christmas fête and this year we began with the 'mothers.' In their packages they found two handkerchiefs and a pound and a half of sugar, for when the cost of living is so high and so many are out of work such gifts are the most appreciated. The larger girls received purses and the older boys, who are nearly all scouts, *Nitaps*, the scout hand-book. In all we spent nearly 1000 francs."

A MISSION TO MOHAMMEDAN NORTH AFRICANS IN PARIS

HENRI MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ

On a dark winter's day I received at *Bienvenue* the visit of two men. They were tall, bony, with black hair, sallow complexions and a southern accent. As numerous Spanish children had come to my Daily Vacation Bible School, I supposed that they were relatives of these and told them so.

"No, sir, we are not Spaniards," answered the one who appeared to be the leader. "We are North Africans, Kabyles," and he went on to say that he had been converted to Christianity from attending services at which our former McAll worker, M. Reuben Saillens, had spoken. He had recently come back from Algeria and the sad social and moral condition of his countrymen lay heavily upon his heart.

Who are these "Sidis"?* They are not Negroes, but belong to the race—Kabyle or Berber—that peopled Western Europe and North Africa before the Gallic and Teutonic invasions. Their features may still be recognized in out-of-the-way places of the Alps, the Cevennes hills and elsewhere. They were converted to Christianity† and produced such great divines as St. Augustine, Cyprian and Tertullian.

They were and still are the most intrepid warriors, and after their forced conversion to Mohammedanism they formed the bulk of the Moorish armies that invaded Europe and whose progress was only stopped at Poitiers by Charles Martel. They maintained a hold on the Riviera and were a scourge to southwestern Europe and the Mediterranean until Algiers was taken by the French in 1830. It required the united French and Spanish armies to subdue Abd-el-Krim, the chieftain of the Kabyles of the Rif.

They have plenty of grit. Their hilly, barren country is so thickly populated that often one fruit tree is divided between several relatives, Mohammed owning one branch, Ali a second and Ibrahim a third.

*"Sidi" is the North African equivalent of "Sir."

†In the fourth century more than three hundred Kabyle bishops attended a synod in the province of Numidia, which shows that in those days the Episcopate was parochial rather than diocesan, every small town having its "bishop," with the power to ordain and to confirm.

Their great ambition is to own land and, when they cannot get it by fighting, they will work for it. As wages are higher in France, more than 100,000 have come over since the war and have settled in Paris and in the other industrial districts. Those who are thrifty live on very little, like the Italians in the United States, and send home a large part of their pay. They do not believe in bankers, but trust the government. In the space of four months, one post office in the Atlas hills received postal orders for more than one million francs!

Unfortunately the Kabyles labor under two disadvantages: their hot temperament and the tyrannical custom of their nation which forbids a woman escaping from the domination of her father even after she is married. In Paris there are about 40,000 Kabyle men, but Kabyle women can be counted on one's fingers. One can easily guess the consequences of this. The men live together in low lodging houses where they are obliged to drink wine or liquor notwithstanding the prohibition of the Koran. Bloody disputes are frequent and moral conditions are unspeakable.



MOHAMMED BIEKRI

Cannot something be done to save these men? A beautiful Mosque and Mohammedan Institute was erected last summer next to the *Jardin des Plantes*, the Paris "Zoo." The sultans of Asia and Africa, the Maharajahs of India contributed lavishly to its construction. The French Government, which disendowed the Christian Churches, endows the Moslem religion but, so my visitors said, when the Muezzin climbs to the top of the minaret to call the "Faithful" to prayer, there are very few Kabyles who will attend the Mosque, for they are not really and truly Mohammedans, but addicted to semi-heathen superstitions combined with agnosticism and indifference to religion.

"Since Mohammedanism does not help my people, cannot Christianity take pity upon them?" concluded my caller, Mohammed Biekri.

You can imagine how embarrassed I was! The *Bienvenue* Mission is more especially a settlement for Christian and social work among young people, and particularly among girls. If the news were spread abroad that "Sidis" were received there, mothers would no longer allow their daughters to come to us. However, we were in the dead of winter, days were short and nights dark. As we say in French: *Quand il fait nuit, tous les chats sont gris!*" It would not ruin our work to take in the "Sidis" for a few Sunday evenings, not in our hall, but in the Boy Scouts' hut on the terrace. It is far from being comfortable, but the swarthy Atlas mountaineers are used to roughing it. So, when a few weeks later, Missionary Warren arrived, it was arranged that there should be a Kabyle meeting the next Sunday.

When the hour came, only a couple of men were present, but after a few minutes Mr. Warren came with a dozen or so whom he had corralled at their cards in the saloons of their lodging houses. Soon after M. Biekri came with another contingent. Boys from the Young Men's Guild of the neighboring Port Royal Reformed Church distributed tea and cakes.

The writer said a few words of greeting to his guests. Mr. Warren read a passage from Holy Scripture in the Kabyle language and explained it. After him Mohammed Biekri spoke to his fellow countrymen. An awful language this Kabyle tongue certainly is, a tumultuous accumulation of gut-

tural sounds, emphasized by a whirlwind of gestures! One might have thought at the end that the Berber preacher was going to thrash his congregation and catch at their throats to strangle them!

The truth is that he was simply pounding into their heads and hearts the great truth of man's sinfulness. It was the Gospel according to Genesis that he preached,—the fall of Adam and Eve, the salvation of Noah and his family from the flood, a type of the salvation of mankind by the Ark of Faith in Jesus Christ. Like the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, he was seeking a common ground with his audience. This could not be found in the New Testament. Mohammedans do not recognize the inspiration of the Christian Scriptures, though they do not repudiate the "Law and the Prophets" and, as missionaries to the Jews do every day, the former disciple of Mohammed was showing them that the true fruit of Old Testament Revelation was in the Gospel of Jesus, the Messiah.

Kabyle meetings went on for a few weeks in the Boy Scouts' hut. Then, the British North African Mission having decided to establish a station in Paris, Mr. Warren went to Algeria to fetch his wife and on his return to Paris he removed to a shop in rue Nationale, a stone's throw from our old Gare d'Ivry McAll hall. This "*Foyer Nord-Africain*" was inaugurated under the presidency of Senator Réveillaud, who is a staunch friend of the Algerians. Here Mr. Warren carries on with his difficult task. He is assisted by a young *colporteur*, M. Blandenier, who has an immense amount of pluck and perseverance and is selling Kabyle Gospels in quantities. During a few days' tour in Northern France, he sold 476 copies of the "Koran of Jesus," as some of the North Africans call it, and distributed 131 Arab and 1000 French tracts.

For the present, progress is slow, largely because the life the men lead is unnatural and contrary to the Scriptural word: "It is not good that man should be alone."

The problem to be solved is the overcoming of the Kabyle prejudice against allowing women, even when married, to leave

their mother-country and the first step to be taken is to provide the Kabyles in France with homes where their wives can lead the secluded lives to which they have been accustomed for milleniums. The emancipation of Moslem women would mean their degradation if it were sudden and unchristian.

A member of the Paris Municipal Council is in favor of building in a suburb of Paris a Kabyle village, with its little houses, market-place and well. Let us hope that this will soon become a reality and that the day will come when the modern Monicas will not fear to cross the stormy seas as did the mother of the great African Divine, St. Augustine.

In the fifth century the North African churches were the leaders of those in Italy, Gaul and Spain. Their history is a proof of the resources that lie hidden in the bosom of this African race. Mohammedanism has always been a superficial varnish with them. Among the few who are pious some, of course, are fanatics, but others feel attracted by the personality of Jesus, like the Marabout (Moslem holy man) whom M. Blandenier met at Denain and who said to him, "The Gospel is a good book, there is great love in it. I have Jesus in my heart"—thus expressing his admiration for Jesus, the prophet.

But is not that a beginning? Roman Catholicism can do little for the Kabyles. It often happens that vigorous prejudices survive the wreck of living faith. Such is the case with the Kabyles. Few of them are really pious, but they nourish the intense Mohammedan dislike for graven images. The only spiritual power that can save them is the Gospel of Jesus Christ as it is presented in "The Book" and as we Protestants endeavor to put it into practice.

There is at present a great religious movement going on in Poland. It has been brought about by the return to their mother country of Poles who had been converted to Evangelical Christianity in the United States. It is a pity that Protestants are only 2 per cent. of the population of France and that many ignore them. But the conversion to Evangelical Christianity of such spirited young men as Mohammed Biekri and Said Rahal is an encouragement. Both of them have given their testimony and suffered for the name of Christ and may be considered as first fruits of the future harvest.

THE BOATS OF "LA MISSION POPULAIRE"

"*Le Bon Messenger*," "*La Bonne Nouvelle*"

(Translated from "*Christ et France*")

How to reach the 30,000 villages of France which knew nothing of the Gospel, was the problem which in 1890 Dr. McAll, founder of *La Mission Populaire*, sought next to solve. The "*Salles de Conférences*" gathered the people of the larger cities, but how could the inland villages, often far from the main highways and railway lines, be reached? The first step in the solution of this pressing problem was the construction of a chapel boat. On April 6, 1892, *Le Bon Messenger* began its career along the verdant banks of the Marne, the Oise, the Aisne, the Seine and the Yonne.

The success of the first boat meetings was phenomenal. Every evening a curious crowd came on board and perhaps because of their very ignorance were quickly conquered by the simplicity of the message presented to them. This early interest has never ceased notwithstanding that the first boat is in its thirty-fifth year of service and that her sister-boat, *La Bonne Nouvelle*, has come to her aid in her great task. The two boats carry always the same message of salvation and are without exception always most cordially welcomed.

Would you like to accompany me to *Le Bon Messenger*? At the moment it is at Pont-Ste-Maxence, a little town on the Oise, between Creil and Compiègne. A few minutes from the station and we are at the bridge. The "bridge" is usually the spot near which the boats moor because people can come to the services from both sides of the river. Crossing over the gangway from the high bank one is struck at once by the attractive interior, the auditorium in varnished wood not exactly elegant but, since the installation of electricity, most comfortable.

One feels at once that here is a splendid "instrument of evangelization." But where will one find the workman qualified to use this instrument to the best advantage? The first evangelists of *Le Bon Messenger* were M. and Mme Pim. They were succeeded by M. and Mme Huet, faithful and energetic servants of God who stuck to their post for more

than ten years, despite their cramped "home," for *Le Bon Messenger*, comfortable enough for a man and his wife without children, is not quite so easy to manage when one is bringing up a family. Other evangelists followed for brief periods until, at the close of the war, M. Chollet, a pupil of M. Sainton, was put in charge. Speakers come from time to time from Paris or nearby towns to assist the captain-evangelist.



"LE BON MESSENGER" IN TOW

La Bonne Nouvelle, ten years younger than *Le Bon Messenger*, might be described as a little more elegant and ornate than the older boat. The evangelist's quarters, at least, are more modern and more comfortable than those of *Le Bon Messenger*. From her launching in 1902 to 1925, *La Bonne Nouvelle* had but one director, M. Dautry, who with his wife faithfully prosecuted the river evangelization until compelled by illness to resign. Six children were born to them on the boat, the eldest having attended forty-four different schools in the course of his early education, which, however, did not interfere with his attaining the position of a teacher. At the moment *La Bonne Nouvelle* is at Lagny, on the Marne, under the direction of M. and Mme Claerhout who are just finishing their first year of service.

Some incidents indicative of the welcome the boat missionaries receive: At B. the crowd begins to assemble long before the hour for meeting and the boat is not large enough to hold all that want to attend, many sitting on the banks listening through the open windows. During the day, from the villages round about, coming by train, boat or wagon, many former friends and converts arrive to pay another visit to the boat and to renew acquaintance with their co-converts. At C. the priest is a regular attendant at every meeting during the three-weeks' stay. Bibles, New Testaments and hymn books are sold in large numbers. In a tiny village of 250 people, 3 Bibles, 37 New Testaments and 57 copies of the *Cantiques Populaires* were sold. It would require volumes to recount in detail all the picturesque, touching and even sometimes tragic incidents which have occurred during the many years of the boats' history. Didn't a crazy man once undertake to throw the evangelist of *La Bonne Nouvelle* into the water!



INTERIOR OF "LA BONNE NOUVELLE"

If the "instrument" is "excellent," the director must also know how to do his part. The pilot-evangelist must be ready for any and every emergency. He must know how to turn his hand to every *métier*—boatman, electrician, chauffeur. He must be able to work with his fingers not less than with his tongue and set an example in this way as eloquent as in his talks. The latter must be simple, picturesque, not too much on the sermon order if he would reach the minds and hearts, often narrow and very ignorant, of the French peasants. This, of course, requires skilful adaptation and tact; in the country it will be one form of address and in the city quite another; even as the Divine Master addressed Himself to the men and women of His day in such a way as to touch the hearts and consciences of every class, so the speaker on the boat counts among his converts the man of the soil and the professor of philosophy.

Singing always plays a large part in evangelistic work, but especially is this true on the boats. One should hear the songs to appreciate this. The musical part of the service is not limited to a hymn at the beginning and another at the end, but often five or six hymns are sung at a single service. M. Chollet never gives his audience a chance to yawn, but often interrupts himself or other speakers with the announcement of an additional hymn. "Friend Chollet" is a terror to the long-winded preacher. If he does not interrupt him sharply, which he sometimes does, he pulls out his watch and the would-be orator is forced to stop!

One cannot register all the results of this itinerant evangelization. Doubtless not all these are visible, nor enduring, but many are both. At Lagny itself there is a little church organized as the result of a former visit of the boat. At Nemours there has been for many years a Protestant *Foyer* now growing into a church; elsewhere there are many little groups which continue to hold together and to hold their services and still elsewhere individuals who even in their isolation live near to God and continue their contact with the Mission through correspondence and religious publications.

Yet, let us not stop to speak of results or even of successes. It is the work which counts, the rest is in the hands of God.

The chapel-boats are sowers and in so far as God reveals to us the harvest and the fruitage this is in order that we may continue to take courage and to work without relaxation. On the boat as elsewhere the motto is, "Sow thy seed upon the waters for thou shalt find it again after many days."

"MY REASONS FOR BELIEVING"

MME PERROT

In Nemours, on the pleasant, green countryside along the Loing, there lived for several years a family by the name of Rousseau. They lived in a dingy and dirty little house. The father was a drunkard and his partly paralyzed wife, cross and disagreeable, tried in vain to keep the home in order. In such surroundings there was a boy of thirteen. During the summer he lived the life of a tramp and in winter he passed his time mostly in dance halls and saloons. But this boy when he grew up was converted at the *Foyer* and he has succeeded in saving his father who does not drink any more. Before he left for his military service he made his father promise not to enter a saloon again. Old man Rousseau, who never had earned one sou, learned to put his leisure hours to good use. The son made him help in constructing a new house for the family and two years before he left for the barracks they started to work, the father as mason, the son as carpenter. The house is finished and is entirely their own work. At present the son is a soldier at Versailles, with an excellent record, and in order to spend his Sunday afternoons and evenings at home, he does chores every Sunday morning, in this way earning the money for his car-fare. He is of much help in our Sunday School. He had hoped to be present at one of the revival meetings held from the 4th to the 7th of November at the *Foyer*, in order to give his testimony in person, but as that was impossible he sent the following letter which was read at the last service. The speaker, M. Lockert, had chosen as his subject, "My Reasons for Believing," and this letter was a stirring climax to the three days' conference. When Mme G.

D. started singing "Nearer My God to Thee," all those present listened intently and as if to the voice of God itself. The father and mother of the young man, who come faithfully to our meetings, were both present.

Here is the letter :

Why do I believe in God? Like so many young men without faith, I began at the age of thirteen to frequent the cafés and dance halls. At the time I was working in a small carpenter shop and my boss urged me to go to the *Foyer*. There I found an old school-mate and we had a happy afternoon together. The president of the Y. P. S. C. E., as



PRIVATE FERNAND ROUSSEAU

well as the members present, invited me to come back the following Sunday and I agreed to come. At first I came because of the good times following the service; then little by little I became interested in the worship and even began to find pleasure in listening to the sermons. As I went on with my religious studies my soul began to respond to the life-giving breath of the Word of God. The fortnight before the end of my course I had a terrible struggle over the question of the divine existence. One night I cried out in my distress to God, praying Him that if He really did exist He would make Himself known to me. Before morning the sense of divine peace flooded my soul and I was saved.

As I formed the habit of prayer, my life was entirely changed. Before knowing God, I had been a source of much sorrow to my father and mother and, in fact, to pretty much everybody I knew.

As I look back, it is with a feeling of wonder at what God has done for me and for those about me. Each day I lift up my soul to Him, the God of goodness and of power and in my prayers I receive the strength necessary for the overcoming of evil.

Dear friends, draw near to God without fear. Come to Him, open to Him your souls and give Him your hearts. Make your own my experience and your faces will be illuminated for all who know you. God's love may be read in one's eyes, even as the star so small to one's sight sheds its rays through the countless miles of space. These are the reasons for my faith, that it is good to feel the presence of God nearby, following you and directing you when you are weak, His arms always ready to succor you and in hours of pain He is always there as the comforter. After this life of struggle another life, even the life eternal, awaits us, when we shall be freed from all the defects of our present existence and forever happy with our Heavenly Father. Once again, open your hearts to Him for He will not force His way, but awaits your decision. Like a loving father who gives his life for his child, so God, through Christ, has given His life for us even until our sins are washed away and we have become white as snow.

COMITÉ DE SECOURS

Mrs. James C. Colgate, National Director
270 Park Avenue, New York City

Mrs. David M. Miller, Secretary
1037 East Jersey Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

The December shipment weighing 3720 pounds, and consisting of 16 cases and a barrel of cocoa, was delivered promptly at the Paris office. It was the largest consignment ever forwarded from the Elizabeth Depot.

One of the cases contained the 2300 portions of Scriptures donated by the New York Bible Society and another one was filled with garments that were given by the Washington Auxiliary for use at St. Quentin. The Junior Auxiliaries had provided so many toys, games and articles of clothing for the Vacation Colonies, that it took an entire case to hold them. Two other cases, one from Philadelphia and one from Plainfield, were sent as received from the respective auxiliaries.

Just as the packing was about finished, 10 dolls and 10 pounds of tea arrived and the members of the committee looked at one another questioningly, but solved the problem by taking out a number of pairs of partly worn shoes. While waiting for the "shipping marks and numbers," the cases

"settled" somewhat and room was again found for the shoes. At the moment when three carpenters and a young man who assisted with the stencilling were hard at work closing and banding the cases, the postman brought another box, but on opening it the chairman was delighted to find scarfs, sweaters and caps, so that these "eleventh hour" arrivals were easily tucked in too, and the depot was indeed "cleaned out."

Among the articles to be especially mentioned there were several splendid new quilts or comfortables—one of silk—from the Easton Auxiliary and we asked that these might be given to some of the workers. There were four doilies and a cloth that a small group of little children in a West Virginia town had worked hard to finish in time for the shipment.

In her letter of acknowledgment Mme Vachon writes: "For this magnificent shipment once more our most grateful thanks as well as for all the happiness that it will enable us to dispense."

JULIA C. MILLER

HARTFORD'S FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

The Hartford McAll Auxiliary celebrated its Fortieth Anniversary on Monday, January 17th, in the Parish House of the Asylum Avenue Congregational Church. About 250 were present.

The meeting was opened by prayer offered by Dr. Willis H. Butler. Letters of greeting were read from Miss Harvey, Corresponding Secretary of the National McAll Board; M. Guex, Director of the Committee in Paris, and M. Drancourt, Director of the Faubourg St. Antoine Hall to which Hartford has contributed for many years.

The special feature of the afternoon was an illustrated address by the Field Secretary of the American McAll Association, Rev. George T. Berry. He brought graphically before his audience the many and varied phases of the McAll work in France and inspired his hearers with renewed enthusiasm and a determination to "carry on" stronger than ever.

After the address, Mrs. Charles H. Field, the only living charter member of the Auxiliary, was presented with a bunch

of forty roses, as a slight recognition of her never ceasing interest in the Mission and the deep affection all the members of the Auxiliary feel for her. A letter was then read from Mrs. Kelley, President of the Association, expressing her appreciation of and regard for Mrs. Field.

Tea was served, Mrs. Wickham and Mrs. Burr, former Presidents of the Auxiliary, pouring and many enthusiastic words for the meeting and for the work overseas were heard.

ELLEN EARLE FLAGG

President

DEAR MISS FLAGG:

How I regret that aviation does not as yet allow of a crossing of the Atlantic in a few hours! That would have permitted me to find myself in Hartford on January 17th and to bring in person to the Auxiliary over which you preside the testimony of our gratitude.

May this letter convey to all the members of the Auxiliary a very real echo of what we feel for their admirable work and fidelity during these forty years.

It is commonly said that love will not endure for so long a time; that it is transformed little by little into friendship, very sweet but rather indifferent; that it knows no more the glow, the enthusiasm of first love. To that statement of blasé people, you, dear friends, give a striking contradiction, for your love for the McAll Mission seems to grow warmer with the years, even as our gratitude toward you increases as we think of your tireless efforts.

It would not be fitting on our part to make comparisons between the different auxiliaries. Certainly we owe them all our gratitude. But it seems to me only just to say that the Hartford Auxiliary merits particularly warm thanks, because it has never let the flame die down of what we call in France the "sacred fire" for the McAll Mission. Always you have kept this "sacred fire" burning by your vigilance and sacrifice.

We would have liked to give you a special joy on this occasion of your Fortieth Anniversary, that, namely, of dedicating at the Faubourg St. Antoine a beautiful hall full of light and air, that would have done you credit as a vigorous child does honor to its parents. Alas, we had to give up our hopes of this a few months ago, just when we thought they would be fulfilled. But, who knows? At the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Hartford Auxiliary we may be able to put in a beautiful new hall in the Faubourg St. Antoine a tablet to testify to all that you have done and all that you certainly will do for our work and yours in that quarter!

In any case, M. Drancourt's letter which I enclose, will prove to you that to appreciate the value of a work, as that of a man, it is not the clothes he wears we must look at, but his life and the service he renders.

If the Faubourg St. Antoine hall has grown old, if it has worn a little too long the clothes which Dr. McAll gave it, we can say that it has been a good and faithful servant of God in a section of Paris where

live many working people who bless it for the happiness it has given them. May their benedictions fall upon you, dear friends of the Hartford Auxiliary.

This is the prayer of your

Sincerely grateful,

Paris, January 3, 1927.

(Signed) HENRI GUEN

FEDERATION OF WOMAN'S BOARDS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF NORTH AMERICA

MRS. JAMES C. COLGATE

Atlantic City, in sunshine, welcomed a large number of Christian women for their Annual Meeting, January 8th to 11th, four days of deep interest and power.

The Federation is composed of representatives of all large denominational boards and a few interdenominational women's organizations. Each session was instructive to the delegates who counted it a privilege to attend this assembly of Souls-with-a-World-Vision.

On Sunday morning, over 300 women went into "Retreat," acknowledging, in earnest prayer, that "only as new tides of spiritual life begin to flow within the church can the waiting tasks be fulfilled."

The theme of the convention was, "The Family of Nations in the Kingdom of God"—the guiding star of the world today. Four points were considered: "Facing the World Task—East and West," "The King's Business," "Contribution of Youth," "One in Christ."

Three outstanding contributions were:

1. Dr. Warnshuis, of the International Missionary Council, presenting four basic facts with regard to "The West—Its Peril."
 - a. Suffering brings sickness, ignorance, grief.
 - b. War brings ambition, jealousy, superiority.
 - c. Spiritual torpor brings indifference, weakness.
 - d. The peril of losing the Saviour of the race.
2. Mrs. D. J. Fleming, reporting on Student Conferences, said: "Youth asks why Christianity has not made better progress. They do not question our success, but our failures!"
 - a. Failure to live out what we possess.
 - b. Superficiality and half-heartedness in practising the precepts of Jesus.
 - c. Wrong attitude of superiority toward men.
 - d. Mixed motives in presenting facts.
 - e. Failure in love and unity among ourselves.
3. Dr. Timothy Lew, our Chinese leader and guest of the Federation, gave us a trumpet call to be as nations one family in Christ.

"VILLA BONNE HUMEUR"

Mlle LOUISE RAIMOND

A large house, high up, facing a little square in the outskirts of the village, not far from the woods, with a long terrace in the rear below which are beautiful trees and lawns—an ideal place for children to roam and play—such is my first impression of the Orphan Home at Châtillon.

On the first floor there are large rooms, including kitchen, office, dining room, reception room and meeting room. On the second, rooms for the directrice and visitors as well as the children's dormitories and, above, the attic with its large dormitories and one little room where two of the older girls, the best behaved in the colony, are very proud to reside. On each door is painted the name of some flower, or insect, as for example, The Butterflies, The Lilies, The Violets.

During the winter a directrice, a cook and a housemaid are sufficient to take care of the home and the children, but in summer another woman is added to do the heavy work, all the rest being done by the children themselves. Each one, big and small alike, has his work to do and every morning finds this outlined on a slate in the office. Everything is so well planned that there is never the slightest confusion. Naturally, some do their bit faster than others and finish sooner and they can be found doing all sorts of things which they should not do, but then one must remember that they are only children and children on vacation! The personnel is wonderful. The cook, a young widow whose beautiful baby is cared for by the children and who provides splendid meals with real economy; a counsellor who knows how to play with the children and at the same time to maintain fine discipline, and the directrice, Mme Roustain, beloved by everyone and who understands so well how to handle them all.

No boys but little ones are allowed. The youngest boy this year was four years old and came with his big sister who acted as a real mother to him, especially with regard to his customary slaps on the face, which we had to stop her from giving on several occasions!

(To be continued)

HOME DEPARTMENT

New York The Annual Founder's Day Luncheon on January 17th was held at the Biltmore. The President, Mrs. Phillips, presided, Mrs. Williams told again her delightful story of Nérac and Mrs. Kelley gave an illustrated talk.

The scheme of table decoration was at once interesting and unique. On ten of the tables were miniature representations of that number of McAll centers and activities. These models were made of painted cardboard and rested upon little stands in the center of each table. Wire and paper moss served for trees and grass. "*Pierre Levée*," the Mission's Headquarters and New York's "special," Nantes, Lille, Roubaix, St. Quentin and the Vacation Homes at La Bernerie and Gerardmer, the Gospel car in Brittany, *La Bonne Nouvelle* and the orphan home at Châtillon-sur-Seine were all charmingly shown in their proper settings. On a small mirror was depicted a tiny canal flowing between its green banks on which were grazing diminutive cattle. This was the *mis en scène* for *La Bonne Nouvelle*, the model of which was made by the young son of one of the managers of the Auxiliary. The Orphan Home was fitted out with small dolls and in their midst "*Crocque-Mitaine*," of French childhood lore, with a load of children on his back.

These models were made under the direction of Miss Lillian H. Vinton who, besides, had hunted up the coats of arms of the towns and provinces involved and from these had reproduced a banner to float over each table.

The miniatures were so attractive and instructive that they are being kept for an exhibit at the Annual Meeting at Plainfield and in the meantime any auxiliary wanting to borrow the one representing its special center may do so by applying to the Secretary of the New York Auxiliary, at 5 East Forty-eighth Street.

Miss Congdon on the Road Miss Congdon reports meetings of much interest in many places. She has been recently at Boston, Northfield, New Haven, Meridan, where she was greeted by 450 people and organized a large Junior group, Buffalo, Toronto, Rochester, Syracuse, Ithaca, Baltimore and Washington.

Pittsfield

The Field Secretary spent Sunday, January 23d, in Pittsfield, speaking in the morning at the First Congregational Church. All the pastors kindly omitted their regular Sunday evening services in the interest of a union service in the First Baptist Church, where Mr. Berry showed his slides to a large audience which had braved the inclement night to be present.

Rochester

The Auxiliary held its January meeting in Christ Episcopal Church, Mrs. Augustus H. Strong, the President, presiding. An encouraging Treasurer's Report was read and Mrs. Strong drew forth the applause of all as she called attention to the presence of Mrs. Rhees and Mrs. Van Voorhis, both charter members of the Auxiliary. A lantern talk was given by Mr. Berry.

Brooklyn

A specially arranged service was held in the Central Congregational Church on Sunday evening, February 6th. Following one of the musical programs for which Central Church is so famous, Dr. Cadman and the Field Secretary presented the claims of the *Mission Populaire*. Dr. Cadman has offered to give for the benefit of the Auxiliary his celebrated lecture on Joan of Arc.

**Baltimore and
Washington**

The Field Secretary visited these Auxiliaries in February, speaking at a club luncheon in Washington, as last year, at the Church of the Covenant, at a church supper in "New York Avenue," at the Mount Vernon Methodist Sunday School and in Baltimore in the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church.

**The Junior
Bulletin**

Attention is called to the appearance of the first number of the *Junior Bulletin* and while the members of all Junior societies will naturally want copies of this, it cannot but be of interest to members of the Senior Auxiliaries to make the acquaintance of this new publication and become better informed as to Junior activities.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

December 8, 1926—February 8, 1927—\$15,899.78

MASSACHUSETTS, \$582.50	
Boston Auxiliary	\$280 00
Lexington	86 50
Pittsfield Auxiliary	126 00
Springfield Auxiliary	54 00
Worcester Auxiliary	36 00

CONNECTICUT, \$2,260.78	
Hartford Auxiliary	\$972 00
Meridan Auxiliary	45 65
New Britian Auxiliary	461 00
New Haven Auxiliary	700 00
Norwich Auxiliary	82 13

NEW YORK, \$5,339.45	
Brooklyn Auxiliary	\$100 00
Brooklyn Junior Auxiliary ..	1 00
Buffalo Auxiliary	443 50
Buffalo Junior Auxiliary	54 00
Ithaca Circle	345 45
New York Auxiliary	3,128 50
New York	1,000 00
Rochester Auxiliary	18 00
Syracuse	18 00
Troy Auxiliary	226 00
Utica	5 00

NEW JERSEY, \$1,628.60	
Belvidere Auxiliary	\$208 41
Elizabeth Auxiliary	1 00
Englewood	190 00
Maplewood Fram	18 00
Montclair Auxiliary	262 00
Newark Auxiliary	293 00
Auxiliary of the Oranges ...	358 19
Plainfield Auxiliary	198 00
Princeton Circle	100 00

PENNSYLVANIA, \$3,553.24	
Chester Auxiliary	\$100 00
Easton Auxiliary	320 00
Moylan	5 00
Philadelphia Auxiliary	2,440 24
Philadelphia	505 00
Pittsburgh Auxiliary	168 00
West Chester Auxiliary	15 00

MARYLAND, \$846.16	
Baltimore Auxiliary	\$796 16
Baltimore	50 00

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$269.00	
Washington Auxiliary	\$269 00

ILLINOIS, \$406.00	
Chicago	\$356 00
Lake Forest	50 00

DELAWARE, \$36.00	
Wilmington Auxiliary	\$36 00

MICHIGAN, \$100.00	
Detroit Auxiliary	\$100 00

MINNESOTA, \$307.00	
Minneapolis Auxiliary	\$297 00
St. Paul Auxiliary	10 00

MISSOURI, \$50.00	
St. Louis	\$50 00

CALIFORNIA, \$2.00	
Pasadena	\$2 00
Per National Children's Auxil- iary	\$14 50
Per Sale Christmas Cards...	504 55

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association
the following described property.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll
Association the sum of _____ dollars.

THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

President

MRS. FRANK B. KELLEY, 36 DeWitt Road, Elizabeth, N. J.

First Vice-President

MRS. JAMES C. COLGATE, 270 Park Avenue, New York

Second Vice-President

MRS. GEORGE E. DIMOCK, 907 N. Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J.

State Vice-Presidents

MRS. HELEN M. CRAIG, Eastern Mass.	MRS. CHAS. H. SPENCER, Western Penna.
MRS. HENRY W. PEABODY, Massachusetts	MISS GRACE W. FISHER, Maryland
MISS ANNA L. DAWES, Western Mass.	MRS. W. W. SEELY, Southern Ohio
MRS. CHARLES H. FIELD, Connecticut	MRS. EDWARD J. MOORE, Ohio
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